

The background of the entire image is a marbled paper pattern. It features a deep blue base color, overlaid with a complex, organic network of veins in gold and a darker, reddish-brown hue. The pattern resembles stone or biological cells, with the gold veins forming a web-like structure that separates larger blue areas.

Historic Dutch Houses
upon
Old Staten Island
Harriet S. Gillespie
The New Country Life, April, 1917



The New Country Life



Ralph
Friedler



THE new White Touring product introduces a sixteen-valve four-cylinder motor which combines with the inherent advantages of a simple, rugged "Four," all the power and flexibility of the most complex engine.

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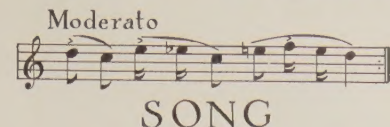
The White Company, Cleveland

he is more serene, is the meadow-lark. His clear, high whistles float in swinging sweetness like incense over the country. The notes are smooth tones and half tones in two downward runs of three to five notes each, the second run starting above the first, and ending on or about the first note. The whole is sung as if with one breath. The poignancy of this song actually voices the beauty of far-flung meadows. It has the flowing ease of swift, natural motions, as the grace of a leaping deer. Quite a different note of the fields is struck by the bobolink, whose mood is one of rollicking humor. His quick-sprinkled notes sparkle up with delight, and seem to be bubbling with rapture. At first low, as the sound of a brook tumbling into cavernous little pools, the notes rise pellmell, all jumbled up and scintillating like spray in the sunshine, till they are lost in sounds too high to be distinguished by our sense of pitch.

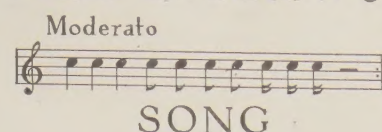
Beyond the fields there is a road, bordered on the further side by deciduous woods. Along this road, in the oak branches overhead, a red-eyed vireo prattles all day long. Warble, and pause, warble, and pause, the two alternate with exasperating regularity. The warble is of four or five notes that have no particular tone quality, and run rapidly in designs that remind one of five-finger exercises. Each pause lasts as long as one warble, and there is something cut and dried about this which makes the vireo an excellent sympathizer for matter-of-fact moods. But such moods are in themselves so unsympathetic that one presses forward into the woods to escape this vireo's small talk. In the restful company of motionless, silent, yet living trees, peace very soon returns. A wood pewee is singing in the distance. With languorous nonchalance he repeats "*Pee-a-wee; pee-yer.*" There is nothing matter of fact about the pewee. His is the luxurious ease of the contented loafer. His soothing drawl lulls to meditation; all tension relaxes, and Nature's mood of brooding content fills the woods.

Back of the trees rise granite rocks, gray with dry mosses. Here and there hemlocks are grouped among the oaks and maples, and singly a few white pines stand among the rocks. From one of these comes a lisping call, the chickadee's familiar voice—"*Chi-dee-dee dee, er-slips-er-wee,*" and other funny little sounds. Then from the lips and calls a song emerges, two exquisite notes well within our whistling range, the first a tone or two higher than the second. From another pine two more notes answer the first two, as a chickadee over there takes up the tune. It is great fun to imitate these whistles, for the chickadees answer quite readily. Other birds answer to their call-notes, but never to their songs. Perhaps this is the chickadee's call, and his less musical lisping he considers a song! After listening to both call and song for awhile, one is conscious of a background of many little songs, all of different accent but of one tone quality, a high unobtrusive kind of a tone. These are the songs of different species of warblers. In describing them it is necessary to use phrases which suggest contrasted consonants, for the vowels are usually nothing but double E; also the tone pitch of one kind of warbler

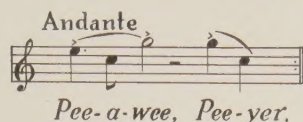
MEADOW LARK'S



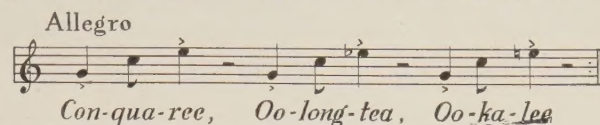
FIELD SPARROW'S



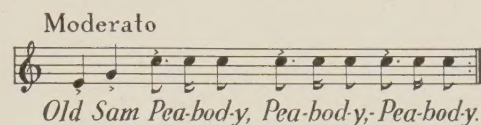
PEWEE'S SONG



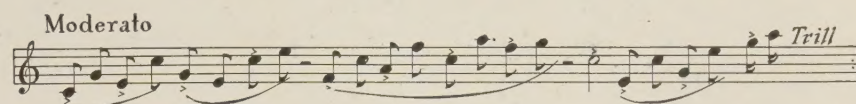
RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD'S SONG



WHITE THROATED SPARROW'S SONG



HERMIT THRUSH'S SONG



Drawn by J. M. Rosé

is apt to be identical with that of another kind. Among other birds the same pitch is shared by all of one species (except chickadee whistles) but not by related species. The black-throated green warbler seems to say, "*Trees, trees, see the trees,*" with rising inflection. Then he exclaims more rapidly "*'Tis, 'tis 'tis sweet here.*" One of the hooded warbler's songs, which is not mentioned in books that give his other two songs, is "*Too late, too late to register.*" This warbler really belongs to a louder voiced type than the "double E" singers, as his two other songs show: "*You must come to the woods or you won't see me,*" and "*Come if you care to.*"

Prominent among the other loud voiced warblers are the ovenbird, water thrush, and Maryland yellow throat. These three have flight songs, which are ecstatic forms of their usual songs. It is night, the shadows are very deep, and the silence also. Then, as if shot from a bow, a vibrant song shoots out from the trees. Breaking from the woods, it rises high overhead, curves, and falls back into silence and shadow. It is the ovenbird's flight song, heard only in the remote woods. His familiar call of "*teacher, teacher, TEACHER*" is to this song as prose is to poetry. There are enough "teacher" calls in the flight song to identify the singer, as there are enough outlines by moonlight to recognize the landscape.

Now the warblers, busy little singers of Nature's competent activity, must take their places in the background again. A wood thrush has started to sing. He uses Italian vowel sounds: "*Eulalee, turalo, pst, Elionore.*" The "pst" is a broken and whispering buzz which cannot be heard at any distance, while the real song carries well.

markable. The hurried arpeggios of the olive-back he sings deliberately, in ringing clarity. And then the modulations!

In correct order the hermit modulates from one arpeggio to the next related to it. In flowing grace these lovely modulations soar, break into trills, and soar again.

At times the bird holds one perfect note, apparently serenely confident that it voices the wonders of sea and air and water, of balsam form and balsam scent, of green moss below and far heavens above. There is a joy in this song that is near to pain. The hermit thrush is the "brown thrush" of Whitman's "When lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed."

Even from a cage the Shama thrush will bring a message out of India, land of mysticism, for his ancestors learned to sing in the Himalayas. And the nightingale has so long thrilled with restrained passion in a starlit world, that its name is synonymous with passion. Nature never fails to find a voice, no matter how inarticulate man may be.

Nature's ways are different from ours. We must have open minds to understand her, to seek her in her world, so unlike our own. Sympathy answers to sympathy. Law-bound Nature cannot come to us, so we must go to her and learn her language if we would lift ever so slightly the veil of mystery that shrouds her. Taming shy animals or feeding birds—such things alone are not the key to her heart.

Not to read human ways into Nature, but to study her sympathetically for her own sake is to be a Nature lover. And she rewards her lovers with a constant source of joy that no man can take away.

Sometimes the wood thrush sings his whole song in the buzzing way, when it sounds like mistaken zeal, as though his impassioned efforts overreached his powers. The clear notes are utterly beautiful. This thrush is the minstrel of border lands between lawns or clearings and real forests; the olive-backed thrush and the veery are priests of dim dark woods.

But more secretive than the active warblers, and still more retired even than the pewee, the veery sings of mysterious swamps and deep glades. Heard close by, his song is extraordinarily weird. He whistles and hums both at once; then there are overtones also, as when one harp string sets other strings vibrating. But the veery's voice is not so much like a harp as it is like reed-tubes, several of them blown at once, in a chromatic downward run. The effect is luring with the lure of the unknown. He is the spirit of deepest wisdom, the wisdom which knows that life's mystery passes understanding. The olive-back has much the same voice, but his delivery is hurried and ambitious, rising in broken arpeggios and hardly waiting to finish off at the top before he again begins the song at the bottom, perhaps in a different key. He expresses passionate search after wisdom.

Like the hermit thrush, the olive-back is a Northern singer, and if it be true that he is a priest, the hermit must be the high priest, of the woods. His voice is clear like the best notes of the wood-thrush, keen as tinkling ice, yet rich as gold.

In form his song is also remarkable. The hurried arpeggios of the olive-back he sings deliberately, in ringing clarity. And then the modulations!

HISTORIC DUTCH HOUSES

Described and
Photographed by

An Old Dutch House at New Dorp

Just down New Dorp Lane, a short distance from the station, stands this delightful Dutch Colonial house. Built nearly a generation later than the Cubberly, Guyon, and Perine dwellings, it still possesses an air of antiquity and is illustrative of one of the most interesting Colonial types.

The gambrel roof is excellently proportioned, and at either end there is an extension of the roof below the second story for side porches, to conform with the front veranda.

The house, built during the Revolutionary War by Christian Jacobs, is a substantial style of the farmhouse of the period. The owner was killed by marauding British soldiers. An old black mammy, so the story goes, tried to save her master by appraising him by means of a secret stairway. He courageously made his appearance and was shot and instantly killed. Later on the house came into the possession of the Vanderbilt family, and is now owned by Cornelius of that name.



Guyon House

Possibly it is because of French influence that the Guyon house, at the foot of Guyon Avenue, Oakwood Heights, bears a slight resemblance to Norman architecture. Built by Gregory de Guyon, who fled to this country from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the slant of the roof is indicative of French rather than Dutch influence.

On a tract of 178 acres deeded to him for an annual quit rental of eight bushels of wheat, by Sir Edmund Andros, Governor of the Island, he built the house which for 250 years has continued in the possession of the family. It is now occupied by Miss Gertrude Clark, daughter of Mrs. Ephraim Clark, who inherited it from her father, the late Gen. James Guyon. The patent for the property still exists and hangs on the walls of the old home overlooking Sandy Hook.

The exaggerated gambrel roof in this house is decidedly interesting on account of its variation from the accepted type. Because of the unusual breadth of the house as well as its height, the dormers have an individual appearance, sloping back until they are lost in the first pitch of the roof.

A later addition of utilitarian rather than artistic value was built on to the main house, and while an attempt was made to carry out the original architectural detail, the failure to do so is painfully apparent.



The Clawson Homestead

Savoring more of the Colonial is the old Clawson homestead standing close to the road in New Dorp Lane, just opposite the Jacobs-Vanderbilt place. The same simple dignity that characterizes the houses of the Colonial period clings about this unpretentious but comfortable dwelling, built a dozen years after the Revolution by Jonathan Clawson of Kent, England.

While it largely follows the style so universally popular in New England, a more decided pitch to the roof is noted than is usual in this style of house, and the chimney, instead of being placed at the end, is built in the centre with the rooms on either side, a peculiarity of the second period of domestic architecture.

After the death of the original owner, the old house came into the possession of Reuben Clawson, at one time an officer in the English army, who occupied it until his death in 1825. It then passed into the possession of his son Daniel Lake Clawson, who built on the wing which conforms pleasingly with the main portion of the house. He occupied it until his death in 1872.

Although numerous changes have been wrought in the house by various tenants, such for example as the substitution of round pillars in the porch for the original square posts, and the exchange of solid wood shutters for more modern blinds, this pleasing eighteenth century dwelling is but little changed from its original appearance.

The timber used in its construction was grown on the place and the beams are staunch enough to last another century. With no attempt at picturesque treatment, but relying solely on line and proportion for its comeliness, the house still represents one of the most acceptable types of Colonial architecture. It provided large rooms of convenient height and size, with ample culinary quarters in the extension, which followed the lines of the main part of the house.



STATEN ISLAND

HARRIET S.
GILLESPIE

The Scott-Edwards House

Somewhat reminiscent of Mt. Vernon is the Scott-Edwards house at West New Brighton. It possesses the long, graceful sweep of roof lines typical of the early Dutch houses, but instead of being carried low, the roof is raised high enough to admit of a row of narrow windows in the second story, of the type sometimes known as "lie-on-your-stomach-windows." The gable ends are of frame construction but the stone walls of the first story are fully three feet thick.

Originally this was the home of Judge Edwards, the first Supreme Court Justice on Staten Island. He was a grandson of Jonathan Edwards, the famous divine, and a cousin of Aaron Burr who is said to have spent considerable time there. For many years after Judge Edwards died and the house passed into other hands, a portrait of Theodosia Burr hung on the dining room wall, so old residents of Staten Island testify. The house is now owned and occupied by Mr. Arthur A. Michell, a Manhattan lawyer.



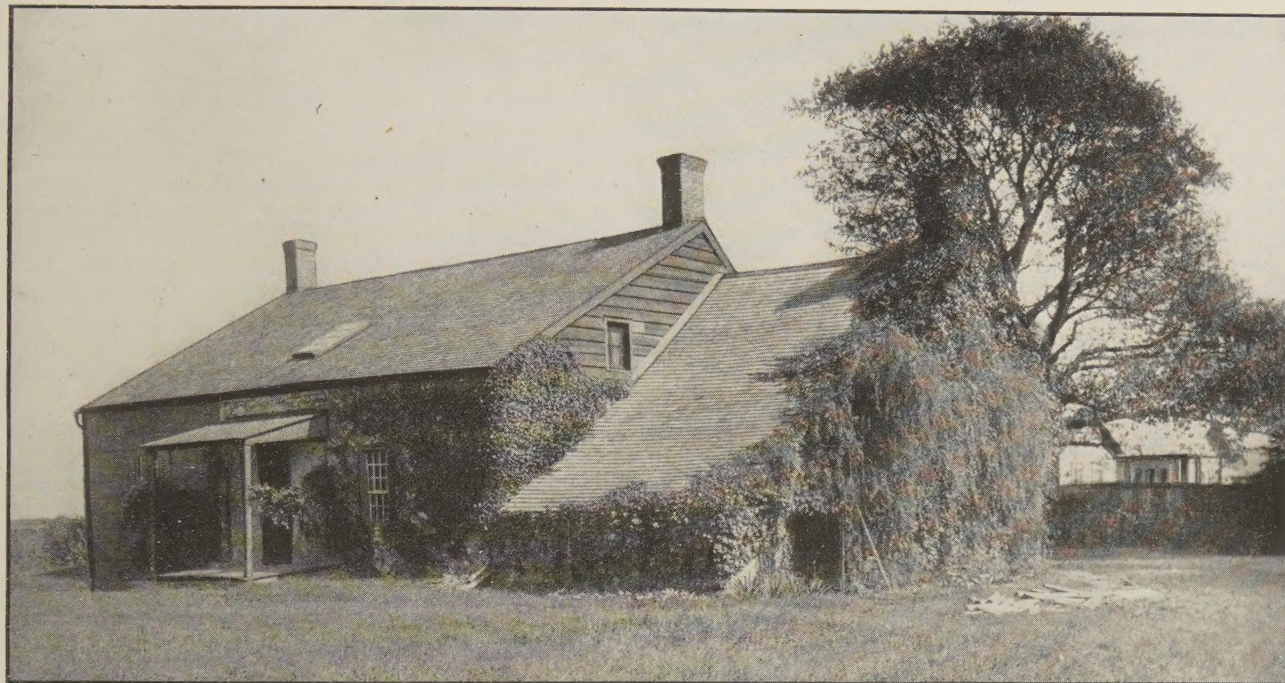
Cubberly House

Nestling into the landscape at the foot of New Dorp Lane is the Cubberly house, or the Britton cottage as it is generally known. Its greatest claim to distinction, apart from its age, is its primitive simplicity. Hard by Elm Tree Light, once a part of the property and the spot where in 1665 the French Huguenots landed, it has borne the stress of wind and weather with admirable fortitude, and with the good care it will henceforth receive from the Staten Island Association of Arts and Sciences which has recently acquired it by gift, it will doubtless last another 100 years.

On a grant of land deeded by Sir Edmund Andros to Obadiah Holmes, the house was erected in 1668. Across the front which looks toward the sea, is a row of dormers, a feature not duplicated across the back, as was usually the custom. On the north the roof slopes gently down to the first story, while the southern wing slopes precipitately to within a few feet of the ground.

Generous fireplaces occupy either end, and a brick oven of Dutch origin remains in the kitchen.

Strangely enough its second owner, Nathaniel Britton was, after a lapse of 200 years, again represented in the purchase of the property. It came back into the family and into the possession of Dr. N. L. Britton, Director of the Botanical Gardens, by whom it was presented to the Staten Island Association.



Perine House

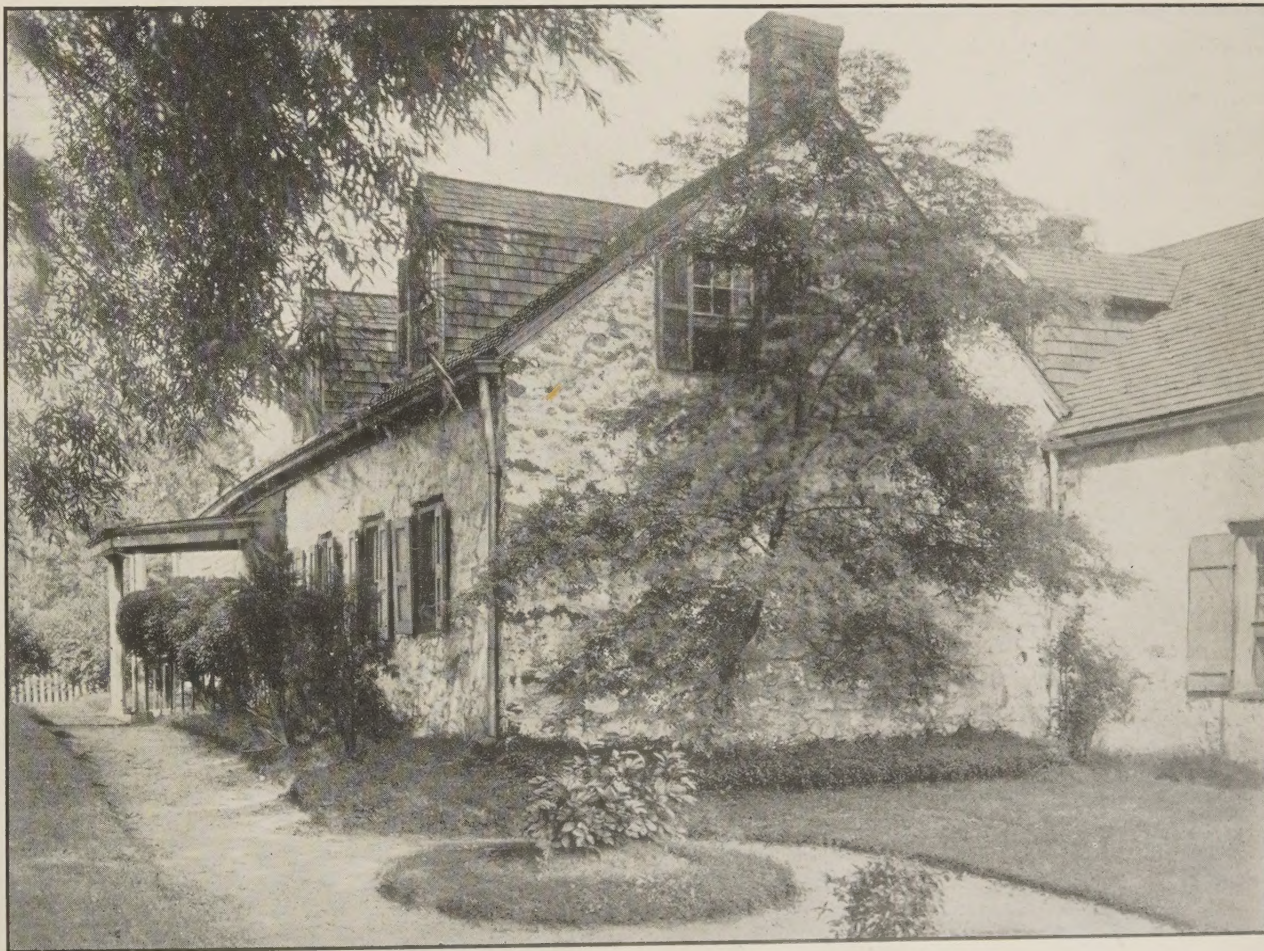
One of the most charming examples of early Dutch Colonial architecture on Staten Island is the old Perine house on Richmond Road, once the main artery of travel from New York to the south. Built in 1688, it visualizes to an unusually interesting degree the type so generally favored by the home-loving Hollanders who trekked to our shores some 250 years ago.

Of rough-hewn limestone, laid up random rubble fashion with stucco, the sloping roof and low-hanging eaves, with quaint, narrow gables, form a picture of old-time Dutch architecture as pleasing as it is instructive. All the earmarks of age are present, further emphasized by the solid wood shutters and the age-worn box bushes in the door yard.

A small portico is upheld by slender octagonal pillars to which the herringbone brick walk leading to it forms an appropriate introduction.

This antique rambling dwelling of fifteen rooms, recently acquired by the Staten Island Antiquarian Society and the Staten Island Garden Club, and preserved as a historic relic, was erected more than 250 years ago by Capt. Thomas Stilwell. After passing through the hands of Walter Dongan, son of Governor Dongan and nephew of Sir Thomas Dongan, later the Earl of Limerick, it became the property of Joseph Holmes, an innkeeper, whose daughter Ann married Edward Perine, from whom the place took its name.

Among the delightful interior features are the hand-modeled Colonial paneling in the parlors and the heavy oak-encased rafters in the beam room, which furnished so much of romance for the old place, for it was adjoining the fireplace in this room, in a secret closet, that pretty Ann Perine hid her silver shoe buckles and family plate from marauding British soldiers. The hidden recess is still there and tradition has it that the bits of jewelry lie concealed in its depths.



THE SPOTTED DOG OF Dalmatia

By WALTER A. DYER



HAVE hoped for a long time," says a correspondent, "that some time

you would give us an article on the Dalmatian or coach dog. I have owned several dogs in my lifetime, and for the last eight years have owned a coach dog. For intelligence, loyalty, and affection there is, to my mind, no dog like him. He is a one-man dog, or, more strictly speaking, a one-woman dog, as I am away a good share of my time, and the dog is certainly on the job every minute. In traveling over the country I sometimes see a coach dog, but not nearly so many as a few years ago, and I would like to learn the reason why. Every one who owns one is very enthusiastic over him and tells what a wonderful dog he is."

It so happens that this is but one of several requests of a similar nature, and I am moved to undertake a congenial task, for the Dalmatian is one of the most interesting, though one of the less well known, of our present-day breeds.

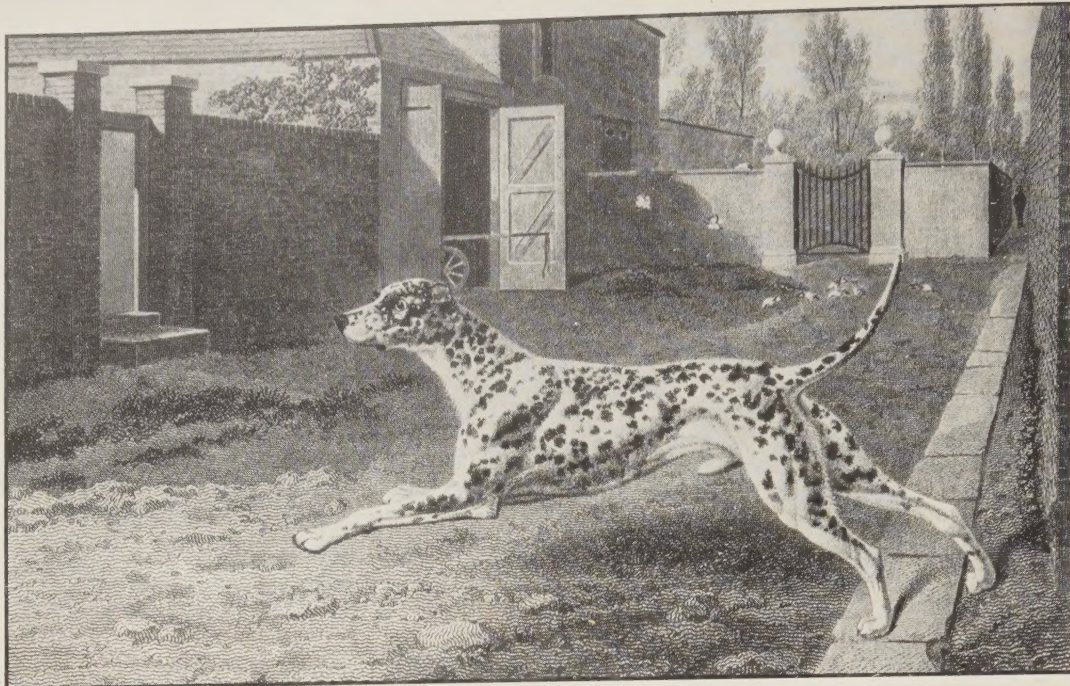
To a certain extent the Dalmatian has suffered the fate of the dachshund—that of being treated as a joke—partly because of his peculiar and highly specialized occupation, and partly because of his marking. Kipling should have included in his "Just-So Stories" the tale of "How the Coach Dog Got His Spots." One waggish legend has it that a poet owned a devoted white bull terrier and an unruly fountain pen. The dog lay constantly beside his master, and the poet, absorbed in his works of genius, absent-mindedly shook his pen so often upon him that the dog "came out quite all spotty," as Ruggles would say, and the spots became permanent.

But the Dalmatian is no freak, nor should he be made any more a subject of jest than the leopard. His breeding, to be sure, has been closely connected with an artificial fashion, but his markings are as much a matter of natural development as the white bib of the sable collie. His lineage is as ancient and honorable as that of the St. Bernard.

While the precise origin of the Dalmatian or coach dog is lost in the mist of legend, the breed undoubtedly had its obscure beginning in southeastern Europe in ancient times. The dogs of Epirus are supposed to have been spotted, and may have been the Dalmatian's ancestors. Spotted hounds, according to Greek mythology, were given by Pan to Diana. There was also a spotted Egyptian dog that was doubtless a relative.

Buffon, for some unexplained reason, called this dog *le braque de Bengal*, which, translated into English, became Bengal harrier. Fortunately so meaningless a name did not last. William Youatt, writing in 1848, confused the breed in a curious manner with the harlequin Dane. In his chapter on the "Great Danish Dog" he speaks of the little Dane, called also the Dalmatian or spotted dog, stating that the only difference was that of size. This, of course, was plain error.

As a matter of fact, the breed has been a distinct one for centuries. For more than one hundred years, at least, it has undergone but little change. Bewick, who wrote "The

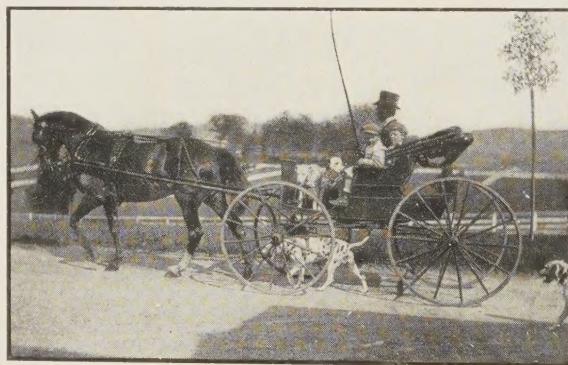


Reinagle's portrait of a Dalmatian published in "The Sportsman's Repository" in 1845, showing the closely cropped ears of the period, and the larger size

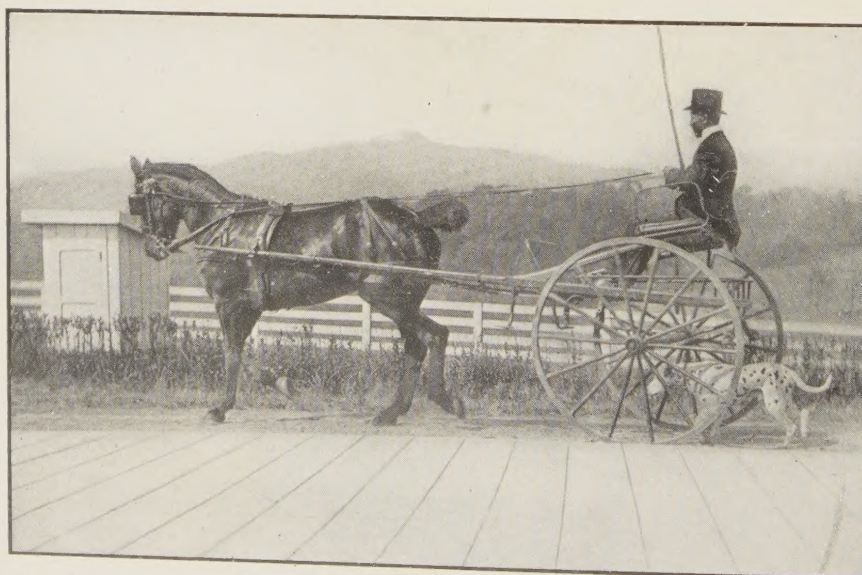
History of Quadrupeds" in 1790, shows a drawing of a spotted dog of precisely the character of our Dalmatian.

Our American dog, which is the same as the English breed, came as straight as any breed can come from the spotted hounds of Dalmatia. James Watson believed them to have had the same general origin as the pointer. The dog appears to have received particular attention first in the Austrian province of Dalmatia, and to have spread to Italy and thence over western Europe. In Dalmatia it was used for the chase, to which it was as well adapted as the pointer, and it was only after its arrival in England that it was put to other uses.

It was as a hunting dog that the Dalmatian was first imported into England, where it was



Teaching a young dog (at extreme right) the rudiments of coaching, by taking out with him a trained one (under trap). His dam is in the trap, so that he naturally follows



At the beginning, in teaching a dog to run under, a two-wheel cart is used, as he is apt to get in the way of the hind wheels and become frightened

used for this purpose as far back as the seventeenth century, and was probably the dog occasionally spoken of as the Talbot. When it first began to be generally used as a coach dog is not known, but it was probably a hundred years ago or more. The breed was firmly established in England by 1800.

Fanciers took up the Dalmatian forty or fifty years ago, and it appeared in the English show ring in 1873. It was considered something of an oddity even then, but it became rapidly more popular and better known, particularly in the north of England, and it was not long before the fanciers had brought the breed to a rare pitch of perfection.

According to Youatt, the practice of using Dalmatians as coach dogs may

have been a century or two old in 1848, and was derived from Continental usage. They were employed as stable dogs and were trained to accompany the horses and to run under the carriage. The inbred trait of past generations of coach and hunting dogs enables them to run for long distances at a steady pace, without fatigue, keeping up easily and evenly with the best horses. It may have been a useless occupation for a dog of parts, but it was fashionable and it developed great endurance and considerable speed.

Owing to their peculiar vocation, Dalmatians were but slightly esteemed for their sagacity in England, but Youatt believed their reputation for lack of intelligence to have been undeserved, and we of a later generation heartily agree with him. They were found to be good guards, and British hostlers and tradesmen made good use of them for that purpose. To-day the Dalmatian in England is used as a coach dog but little more than in this country, and the English people, like ourselves, are coming to appreciate his value as a companion and guard, as well as a show animal. He still appears to be as fond of equine companionship as an old-fashioned collie is of sheep, but he is easily attracted from the stable to the house and to human fellowship.

The Dalmatian is no longer classed as a sporting dog, but the blood of his ancestors still runs in his veins, and when properly trained he makes a good bird dog, and is indefatigable. He possesses many of the attributes of the pointer, though he has lost something of his keenness of scent. He ought to be more often trained to

hunting, and it is not inconceivable, considering his wonderful endurance, that a field-trial winner may some day be produced from the spotted breed.

Years ago the Dalmatian's ears were commonly cropped in England. Reinagle's painting, reproduced in John Scott's "Sportsman's Repository" in 1845, shows a dog somewhat heavier than ours and with ears cut clean off. The practice was discontinued in England in 1860 and has never been common in this country.

There were coach dogs in use by the aristocracy in this country in the early days of the Republic, and probably before, but they were not common. They began to be shown here some twenty-five years or more ago, though there was no class for Dalmatians in the New York show until 1896. Then good importations were brought from England, and

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